

SPEED UP, AMERICA

(Copyright 1918 by E. G. Pipp)

I stood in a hospital in France. In one ward there was a row of cots and on each cot a man, each with a leg gone or badly injured. In another ward there was another row of cots and on each cot a man, each with an arm gone or badly injured.

How cruel a war that makes it necessary to classify men according to the nature of their physical injury!

When I saw the signs of suffering on each face, when I observed the spirit that bore up under agony without complaint, how I hated the war that would subject those wonderful men to all that—and for no sin of their own, but for the sin of those rulers who coveted their heritage and who, for greed, were and are willing to send millions of men to their death and millions more to a life of suffering!

I was in Picardy. It was on a Sunday morning. The country folk were wending their way to church—then home again.

I went from one village to another, a few miles apart.

There were old men there, children there, women there—but grown boys or young men or middle-aged men—none.

The women were in mourning—it was a procession of crepe.

I went again in the afternoon. I saw the women again.

They were beside graves in the little cemeteries, made larger by the war.

How much of this does America want?

There is only one way to get less. To drag out the war means to wear out the young manhood, the splendid young manhood that is overseas or to follow.

The one way to get less is for all the people at home to join in the war as the men at the front are at war; to give them so much help and to pile their munitions so high that the one nation which wants war and brought the world into war shall be crushed to submission by the very preponderance of power of a resourceful nation fighting at its best.

I stood in a trench in Belgium, then in another and in another.

Without flinching the fighters face the enemy.

Death hovers near, but they take no time off.

Day and night, with watchful eye and steady hand and brave heart, they watch and work and fight that liberty's light may be kept burning; that the emblem of their nation shall not be hauled down in dishonor.

I stood again in Flanders.

All about was the wreckage of battle, but the British were still fighting, still holding the shell-blown ground.

Wreckage of the great British tanks was there; wreckage of cannon, of horses, of humanity. Strewn about were helmets and bayonets and gas bags, barbed wire and shells, wagons on end.

We passed along the ridges of shell holes, or balanced ourselves on boards that passed over miniature lakes, more shell holes filled with water—shell holes every inch of the way.

Still among all this the British had a big howitzer placed! had munitions

and men, had the fighting spirit and the bulldog grit.

I stood beside this immense piece of war machinery as stalwart men lifted a great hulk of steel into it, a steel shell filled with explosives. We stood with our hands over our ears as the wire attached to the trigger was pulled. We felt as well as heard the explosion, and then heard the 280 pounds of steel go screeching over into the German lines, there to break itself into bits as it struck in its effort to drive the Germans back into their own country.

Then I felt how tremendously this is a war of machinery; how very important it is that our men at home see to it that our men at the front are provided with cannon and howitzers and shells; how the lives of our own can be saved if given enough machinery and metal to blast the Germans out of the territory they have taken in violation of a sacred compact—blast the war spirit out of them and blast a respect for international decency into them. Their doctrine is force and nothing but force on our part will do it.

It is an enormous task, for there are still about six million of them along the front or being trained to be sent to the front; boys of 16, men bald and gray—they have them all in their compact fighting machine.

Every man, every boy, has been trained for years in the art of leveling a gun, the science of killing. They live to bring death to nations that resist their militarism.

Machinery of war, more machinery of war; munitions, more munitions—our men must have them, must have them now, to save their lives, to protect our native land.

The men and women in our munition plants are soldiers as well as are the men at the front, doing a work, a most important work, without the risk to life and limb that endangers the boys over there. Their lives depend on our efforts at home, making the duty of the home forces the more sacred, a duty that should not be shirked a minute, day or night.

I stood in a building in France.

It was a queer mixture of humanity that war had brought together there—Chinese coolies, German prisoners of war, French maids, and a few old men of Britain, too old to serve war in other capacities.

It was a British salvage plant.

There were piles of helmets, German and British, bayonets, gas masks, guns, cannon parts, shoes from the feet of the living and of the dead, clothing, materials taken from the muck and mire of just such battlefields as I had seen farther to the east—materials to be made over for use on other battlefields.

The stock from one mud-covered gun was taken off, cleaned, repaired and attached to the barrel that had been taken off another mud-covered gun.

One good gun was made from two useless ones; one instrument saved for the use of a soldier fighting the good fight of democracy.

Shoes were washed in great troughs by the French girls, sorted in piles of rights and lefts, matched and repaired—30,000 pairs of them a week—and sent back to be worn by men to tread the soil devastated by a ruthless foe.

New wheels were made for cannon; new canvas was put on stretchers on which to bear the injured; bits for bridles were retinned, bayonets tested and sharpened, old pieces

of steel melted in a huge pot and run into ingots; every scrap of brass or copper saved—how precious are materials in war-time!

How I wished men in American mills and factories could see that sight, could really feel the dire need of the things they are making, could get the full satisfaction that must come in really knowing that theirs is not primarily a labor of gain, but a labor for country and for comrades, a labor to protect and to save those who are risking all to protect that which is most dear to us.

A Patriotic Advertiser

The following is copied from an advertisement of sale of farm lands in an Iowa paper:

"Nothing (but Liberty Bonds) can beat an investment in a good farm." The advertiser recognizes the great truth that a Liberty Bond is the best investment in the world for a good American.

Germany has limited the amount that prisoners may spend to \$15 a week for officers and \$12.50 for privates.

For results—Mist Want Ads.

Experience the Best Teacher

It is generally admitted that experience is the best teacher, but should we not make use of the experience of others as well as our own? The experience of a thousand persons is more to be depended upon than that of one individual. Many thousands of persons have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs and colds with the best results, which shows it to be a thoroughly reliable preparation for those diseases. Try it. It is prompt and effectual and pleasant to take.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR COLUMBIA COUNTY.

In the Matter of the Estate of Matilda J. Beavers, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Matilda J. Beavers, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Columbia County, and has duly qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified as by law required, to the undersigned at the office of W. A. Harris, in the City of St. Helens, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated and first published, September 13th, 1918.
J. H. BEAVERS,
Administrator of the Estate of Matilda J. Beavers, Deceased.
W. A. Harris, Attorney. 39-44

SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF COLUMBIA.

Mrs. Doris Ella Berchtold, Plaintiff,

vs.
Oliver Wendell Berchtold, Defendant.

To Oliver Wendell Berchtold, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby commanded to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will take a decree against you as prayed for in her complaint, to-wit, for a decree forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and yourself, and decreeing plaintiff and defendant free from all obligations thereunder, and restoring to plaintiff her maiden name of Doris Ella Cackette.

This summons is served upon you by publication hereof once a week for six consecutive weeks, pursuant to an order of the Honorable J. A. Eakin, judge of the above entitled court, duly made and entered on the 20th day of September, 1918.

GEO. ESTES and E. M. MORTON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
602 Lumbermen's Building
Portland, Oregon.
Date of first pub. Sept. 27, 1918.
Date of last pub. November 8, 1918

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NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF COLUMBIA

In the Matter of the Estate of Morgan Doyle, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administratrix with the will annexed, of the estate of Morgan Doyle, deceased, has filed her final account in above entitled court, and said court has set the 26th day of October, 1918, at 2 o'clock, p. m. as the time, and has named the County Court room of Columbia County Courthouse, at St. Helens, Oregon, as the place for hearing of the said final account and the settlement thereof.

This notice is published by order of Honorable S. C. Morton, County Judge, Columbia County, Oregon, which said order is dated and entered on the 23rd day of September, 1918.

DONA HALL,
Administratrix.
Date of first pub. Sept. 27, 1918.
Date of last pub. October 25, 1918.
John D. Williams,
520 Corbett Bldg.
Portland, Oregon.
Attorney for Administratrix.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF COLUMBIA

Adelaide Secrest, Plaintiff,

vs.
Albert J. Secrest, Defendant.

To Albert J. Secrest, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby notified and required to appear and answer or otherwise plead to the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and suit, within six weeks from Friday, the 16th day of August, 1918, the date of the first publication of this summons, that is, on or before Saturday, the 28th day of September, 1918; and if you fail to so appear and answer or otherwise plead to said complaint within said time plaintiff will immediately after the expiration of said six weeks apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to-wit: For a decree,

First, Divorcing her from the defendant, Albert J. Secrest, and forever dissolving the marital bonds heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and releasing her from all obligations of the marriage contract;

Second, That plaintiff have restored to her, her maiden name of Adelaide Woodard;

Third, For a further decree giving plaintiff the care and custody of the said minor daughter, Cellista I. Secrest;

Fourth, For the payment of Twenty-five (\$25) Dollars per month towards the support of the said minor daughter, Cellista I. Secrest, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem meet and proper.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof, pursuant to an order of the Hon. S. C. Morton, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Columbia, made on the 14th day of August, 1918, directing such publication to be made in the St. Helens Mist, a newspaper of general circulation published in St. Helens, Oregon, once each week for six consecutive weeks, the first publication being on the 16th day of August, 1918 and the last publication being on the 27th day of September, 1918.

LESLIE S. PARKER,

Attorney for Plaintiff, residing at

Portland, Oregon; P. O. Address,

410-411 Swetland Building, Portland, Oregon

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